

Arena Ukraine

At every side,

cannons.

And the only escape...

A small and muddy
swath
with lungs of afternoon
and flowers of

yesterday

soaked in earth
and red oil.

Kettles in either hand
each glowing as stars
and each

screaming

at walls they cannot see.

Chopped skeletons

decorate

and chill breeze
seems to know how foolish indeed
this is.

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Beyond terrors,
a haven of

mountains

lie silent
and sunlit

but very distant
and very cold

to the eyes.